Lies all within, and theſe externall manners
Of laments are meerely ſhadowes to the vnſeene,
Griefe that ſwells with ſilence in the tortured ſoule:
And I thanke thee King that not onely giueſt
Me cauſe to waile, but teacheſt me the way
How to lament the cauſe: Ile begge one boone,
And then be gone, and trouble you no more.

Bull. Name it faire Cooſin.

Rich. Faire Cooſe, why? I am greater then a King:
For when I was a king, my flatterers were then but ſubiects
Being now a ſubiect, I haue a King heere
To my flatterer; being ſo great, I haue no need to beg.

Bul. Yet aske.

Rich. And ſhall I haue it?

Bul. You ſhall.

Rich. Why then giue me leaue to goe.

Bul. Whither?

Ric. Whither you will, ſo I were from your ſights.

Bul. Goe ſome of you conuay him to the tower.

Rich. O good conuay, conuayers are you all,
That riſe thus nimbly by a true Kings fall.

Bul. On Wednesday next we ſolemnely ſet downe,
Our Coronation; Lords prepare your ſelues.

Exeunt. Manet Weſt. Carleill, Aumerle.

Abbot. A woefull Pageant haue we heere beheld.

Car. The woe's to come; the children yet vnborne,
Shall feele this day as ſharpe to them as thorne.

Aum. You holy Clergie men, is there no plot,
To rid the Realme of this pernitious blot?

Abbot. Before I freely ſpeake my mind heerein,
You ſhall not onely take the Sacrament
To bury mine intent, but alſo to effect
What euer I ſhall happen to deuiſe:
I ſee your browes are full of diſcontent,
Your heart of ſorrow, and your eies of teares:
Come home with me to ſupper, Ile lay a plot,
Shall ſhew vs all a merry day.

Exeunt.

Enter

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22312) LONDON, 1615 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY